*Baſſ.* I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
*Por.* You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
*Anth.* No more then I am well acquitted of.
*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
*Grat.* By yonder moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love ſo much at heart.
*Por.* A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
*Grat.* About a hoope of gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poſie was,
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
*Ner.* What talke you of the poſie or the value:
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clarke: no god's my judge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
*Grat.* He will, and if he live to be a man.
*Nerriſſa.* I, if a woman live to be a man.
*Grat.* Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
*Por.* You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wives firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſweare

Never



Never to part with it; and her
I dare be ſworne for him he
Nor pluck it from his finger,
That the world Maſters. No
You give your wife too unki
And 'twere to me I ſhould b
*Baſſ.* Why I were beſt to
And ſweare I loſt the Ring d
*Grat.* My Lord *Baſſanio* ga
Unto the Judge that begg'd i
Deſerv'd it to: and then the
That tooke ſome paines in wr
And neither man nor maſter
But the two Rings.
*Por.* What Ring gave you
Not that I hope which you r
*Baſſ.* If I could adde a lie
I would deny it: but you ſee
Hath not the Ring upon it, it
*Por.* Even ſo voyd is your
By heaven I will nere come i
Untill I ſee the Ring?
*Ner.* Nor I in yours
Till I againe ſee mine.
*Baſſ.* Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I
If you did know for whom
And would conceive for wh
And how unwillingly I left
When naught would be acce
You would abate the ſtreng
*Por.* If you had knowne
Or halfe her worthineſſe tha
Or your own honour to con
You would not then have pa
What man is there ſo much
If you had pleaſd to have de
With any termes of zeale,